THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840].

"They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them: I will cause them to walk by the rivers of waters in a straight way, wherein they shall not stumble: for I am a father to Israel, and Ephraim is my firstborn" (JER. 31: 9).

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THE "MORMON" PILGRIMAGE.

ELDER GEORGE D. CASTO.

(*Continued from page 631.*)

THE advance guard moved on. Slowly the days dragged into weeks and the weeks into months. What though the Great West was uncharted? Theirs was the mission to point the way. What though the land was infested with savage hordes? God was their armor, buckler and shield. The daily routine grew into their lives and became a part of themselves. April and May and June and most of July passed. Nearer and yet nearer came the pilgrims to the promised land.

Depleted in number, stricken by death and disease, hounded by want and hunger, in a land infested by savage and hostile Indians, their leaders suffering the agony of mountain fever, the gallant band filed down Emigration canyon seventy-five years ago, and pitched their tents on the ground where stands to-day the great intermountain metropolis. This was their mountain home. Here at last should they find surcease from sorrow.

There were one hundred and forty-three men, three women and two children in that company of original pioneers. But one of their number is alive to-day, Lorenzo Sobieski Young. All the others have been gathered to their fathers to help swell the ranks of the Great Majority. Out on the pleasant hillsides of Utah, beneath the music of the pines, under six feet of sod, to redeem and reclaim the like of which they gave the best years of their lives, they rest in sleep eternal, until in the providences of God the angel Gabriel shall blow his trumpet and the dead in Christ shall rise. They reached the Valley of the Great Salt Lake on Saturday, July 24th, 1847. On the morrow special religious

services were held, in which these faithful people poured out their souls in gratitude and thanksgiving to God for the preservation of their lives throughout the long, perilous pilgrimage. Elder George A. Smith preached the sermon that first pierced the solitudes of the desolate, sun-baked region.

Although Mexican territory, the "Mormon" pioneers took possession of it in the name of the United States Government, and the Stars and Stripes fluttered in the breeze on Ensign Peak. On Monday all was hustle and bustle in this infant commonwealth. Those of my auditors who have entered the marriage relation will agree with me when I remark that no infant has ever yet made its presence known without noise and commotion. So with this infant commonwealth. Land was being plowed, homes were in course of erection, teams were drawing logs from the nearby mountains, ditches were being dug to lead out the water on to the thirsty soil, and organized effort was fast changing the face of the landscape. Listen to the words of Wilford Woodruff descriptive of the times:

"We have accomplished more this year than can be found on record concerning an equal number of men in the same time since the days of Adam. We have traveled with heavily-laden wagons more than a thousand miles, over rough roads, mountains, and canyons, searching out a land, a resting place for the saints. We have laid out a city two miles square, and have built a fort of hewn timber, drawn seven miles from the mountains, surrounding ten acres of land, forty rods of which are covered with block houses. Besides we have plowed and planted ten acres of corn, potatoes, and vegetables. All this we have done in a single month."

Back at Winter Quarters active preparations had been going on to follow the original pioneers at the earliest opportunity. Every one worked with feverish anxiety. On the 4th day of July, 1847, just twenty days before the first pioneers centered their vision for the first time upon the sage-brush desert of the Salt Lake Valley, this second body of pilgrims set forth for the Rocky Mountains. There were 1553 persons in this second army of wanderers. The pilgrim army was divided into companies of one hundred each, and further subdivided into groups of tens. Over each group was placed a captain. Every detail that keen foresight and seasoned judgment could anticipate was carried out with the precision and nicety of army discipline. As the sun sank each day beneath the western horizon, the "Mormons" camped for the night. They made their camp in a circular manner, the tongue of each rear wagon tipping toward the center of the circle and extending underneath the rear axle of the wagon immediately ahead. Within the circle thus formed grazed the oxen. A dual purpose was thus subserved—protection against Indians and safety for the animals.

Nor was the social side of life neglected. Around their campfire the people gathered to mingle in song and dance and good cheer. A hymn composed by William Clayton while the saints were en route to Utah was very popular with the pioneers. It is still a favorite in the "Mormon" Church and has been sung many times in our own home. I trust it will bear repetition here.

Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,
But with joy wend your way;
Tho' hard to you this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive
Our useless cares from us to drive;
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell
All is well! All is well!

Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard?
'Tis not so; all is right!
Why should we think to earn a great reward,
If we now shun the fight?
Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,
Our God will never us forsake;
And soon we'll have this truth to tell—
All is well! All is well!

We'll find the place which God for us prepared,
Far away in the West;
Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid;
There the Saints shall be blest.
We'll make the air with music ring—
Shout praises to our God and King:
Above the rest these words we'll tell—
All is well! All is well!

And should we die before our journey's through
Happy day! All is well;
We then are free from toil and sorrow too;
With the just we shall dwell.
But if our lives are spared again
To see the Saints their rest obtain,
O, how we'll make this chorus swell—
All is well! All is well!

With apologies to Mrs. Augusta Hemans, I should like to paraphrase one of the stanzas of her "Ode to the Pilgrim Fathers," and say of these modern pilgrims:

Amid their grief they sang, and the stars heard and the sea.
And along the wastes of that desert plain, rang the anthems of the free.

Always they rested on Sunday. There was no labor for man or beast on the Lord's day. Religious services were held, at which in humble piety the hosts of modern Israel gathered. This was unction to their souls. It may be news to you people when I tell

you that "Mormonism" drew its early recruits almost wholly from the New England section. Many of these "Mormons" were direct descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, and were re-enacting, out on the western plains, a drama that two centuries before had been staged on the bleak shores of New England. History ever repeats itself.

This second army reached the new Zion late in the month of September, 1847. Their coming occasioned both sorrowing and rejoicing. Many a time in the progress of that thousand mile march had the grim reaper halted the caravan to collect his toll. From maternal lips I have heard the story of those awful years.

A girl of seven years, my mother walked the dreary wastes that stretched in unbroken monotony between St. Louis and Salt Lake. Making the journey in 1857, she told of their burying several people in one crude grave. A young mother and her new-born babe, both perished on the threshold of maternity. An aged father whose heroic courage was not equal to the task of supporting longer an emaciated body, spent with the burden of his toil. A dear old grandmother, across whose brow Time had plowed deep furrows in which to plant the seeds of character. Kindly—infirm, patient—"the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak." A toddling infant just learning to lisp those little words that are treasured up so dearly in the archives of the parental heart, all were consigned to the self-same grave. It was a tense and tragic moment, but the last sad rites were said, and the loved ones were gone. Unmarked by board or headstone, ye sainted dead sleep on!

Thus company after company came to the valleys of the mountains. Salt Lake grew to be a prosperous city. Utah was organized as a Territory in 1850, and Brigham Young was appointed Governor by President Fillmore. But the creation of that commonwealth had cost some of the best blood in all this nation, anti-"Mormon" historians to the contrary notwithstanding.

The saddest drama of that eventful period was enacted in 1855 and 1856. It was then that the handcart companies came to Utah. They came nearly a decade after the first pioneers. Aged, decrepit, impoverished, they pulled handcarts in which were stored all their earthly possessions. In one such handcart rode my grandfather. Beside it toddled a little boy. The dynamic force that dragged it on that toilsome journey was furnished by her who nine years before had spent that terrible night in the leafless forest of Iowa.

Let us take a cursory glance at actual conditions. It was near the midnight hour, late in the month of November, 1856. A horseman, Joseph A. Young, dismounted at the home of Governor Young. Jaded, faded, exhausted, the dumb beast sinks to the ground. Eagerly its rider mounts the steps, raps loudly upon

the door, and rouses Governor Young. Briefly and hurriedly the visitor details the peril back yonder on the plains. It is a delicate situation. It is an anxious moment. Time is precious. Moments are golden. Within an hour Brigham Young has assembled a rescue party headed by William H. Kimball.

Up Emigration canyon on that bitter cold night rode the rescuers. Anxious to conserve the strength of their animals, the horsemen dismounted near the head of the canyon. They broke trail through waist-deep snow. On and ever on with the reckless abandon of the mountaineer, plodded these heroic souls. But some began to falter. One horse drops dead along the trail.

Almost beside himself with anxiety, Kimball pushes on along in advance of his companions. He gains the ridge, remounts his steed, shades his brow, and tries to pierce the gloom. On over the divide, across the Weber, up Echo canyon, and on to Wyoming plateau both horse and rider go. A faint streak of light tints the east. Rising in his stirrups and shading yet again his brow, Kimball sees a dimly outlined object yonder on the snow-covered plateau. Both horse and rider take a new lease on life, and the dying ones are reached.

A wagon-cover is stretched over a pole that leans against a hand-cart. Inside neither fire nor food. Prone on the ground, thoroughly spent with the rigors of his toil, lay the husband and father. The wife and mother holds in her lap the head of the dying man. Two little children lie on a pallet of rags. True to the noble virtues of her sex, the mother fain would minister to her loved ones even with her own last dying gasp. I praise God for the constancy, devotion and heroism of woman!

Kimball enters. A cry, feeble, almost inarticulate, and the mother swoons. The little lad moans of the cold. The little six-year-old sister takes off her tiny red petticoat and wraps it about him. The father rolls his eyes toward the new-comer in eloquent thanks, and then his great, masterful soul goes up to God.

The starving children were warmed and fed, the mother revived and comforted. Several other families were rescued still farther on, and then the return trip to Salt Lake City was begun. About half-way down Emigration canyon the mother died. But what of the boy and the girl and the little red petticoat? That boy and girl are alive to-day, honored and respected citizens of the State of Utah, and loyal and devout members of the "Mormon" Church. On the parlor wall of the home of the boy, now a grim-visaged, silvery-haired veteran past eighty years of age, hangs the little red petticoat, a priceless heirloom in the family, bearing silent though eloquent testimony of devotion, death and duty.

So much for the rigors of this pilgrimage. I despair of dwelling longer on the sadness and horror of it all; but absolute justice and

historical accuracy demand that I instance two more tragic events that punctuated the early history of Utah: The grasshopper or cricket war of 1848, and the advent of Johnston's army.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

OUTLIVING ONESELF.

As MEN survey the untimely passing of such as Rupert Brooke, Joyce Kilmer, Alan Seeger, there is inevitably the poignant sense of frustration by death's hand, of dreams yet unfulfilled, of great promise not come to the full flower of realization. It has sometimes assuaged a human grief, when the young whom the gods love go from us "with the white rays of morn upon their shields of expectation," to reflect that these, at any rate, knew not the pain and bitterness that came to those who have outlived the flush of golden promise and beheld the dawn fade "into the light of common day." They never lost their ideals, they never surrendered their illusions. The incommunicable raptures were not ended. They went on from strength to strength.

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade.

The hour when they said, like the old guide on the Matterhorn, "I cannot!" never came to them. They felt equal to anything; to the last they were daring, defiant, ready to address themselves to fresh adventures.

We are not old until we reach the age when we are content with ourselves as we are. If we are never satisfied—if we are still eager to learn—we never become aged. A more splendid thing to see than the radiant optimism of youth is the undaunted ongoing of those who laugh at the calendar because their wills are young, and—like Tennyson's "Ulysses"—their purpose holds. It will not do to spend what are so dismally named "declining" years in reviewing with a great regret the bygone days. Why should they be years of declining? Why may they not be years of accepting? Not a mere acquiescence, not a placid resignation, with hands folded and feet altogether idle. But an acceptance of the responsibilities referred to our costly experience and our valuable discretion. The elders may be spared those quick, physical errands that are better committed to juniors sound of wind and fleet of limb. But they have their own place, their own use and their peculiar fitness.

The light of a luminous example shines in sundown as at sunrise. The real readiness to die does not consist in waiting for the end, but in a joyful willingness to live, each day, for all that there is

in it. The beloved, admired "old" people that we know are not timorous of the open door. They are not tired of life and they are not afraid of death—since it admits to "life that shall endless be."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

ONLY A DREAM.

A Brooklyn woman dreamed the other night that a ghost pointed out to her an old house in which was hidden a pot of gold. With her husband and five children the dreamer made an unsuccessful search for the treasure. It was not found. Then she told a friend of her dream. The friend and her family promptly joined the hunt. On the next night forty persons sought the yellow store, and on the fourth night one hundred showed up. At last the house disappeared under the attacks and nobody was richer for all the hard work done and sleep lost.

If this woman had dreamed that somebody's spirit visited her to tell her that if she and the members of her family would toil diligently at the tasks that fell to their lot, would live frugally, saving each day something from their income and putting the saving in the bank or buying Government securities they would be prosperous all their days, she probably would not have thought twice about her dream. Had she told her neighbors about such counsel from the Great Beyond none of them would have seriously altered his or her way of life in the slightest degree. Not a single man or woman would have sat up late at night to discuss the visitant's advice.

And these Brooklyn folk do not differ from most other human beings in any important particular.—*New York Herald.*

TRUE MOTIVES.

Seek not, child, to know the future—
Rather trust it unto Me,
I have meted out its teaching;
And the needed strength for thee.

But be mindful of the duties
Little things which nearest lie;
Strive not rashly after greater,
Till I send them by-and-by.

And should'st thou be never wanted
To accomplish earth's great things,
Rest content—I look to *motives*
As the source whence *true* work springs.

Mary Dowse.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

ORSON F. WHITNEY, Editor. WM. A. MORTON, Associate Editor.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1922.

EDITORIAL:

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

EVERY reader of the Bible is familiar with the story of Saul and David. Who has not dwelt with special interest on the episode describing how the king of Israel, when tormented by an evil spirit, sent for the shepherd minstrel, a skilled performer on the harp, to come and play before him, that he might obtain relief?

Whether or not music has the power of exorcism over evil spirits, there is no doubt of its effectiveness in promoting a good spirit; a fact recognized in the plentiful use made of hymns and other musical exercises in religious gatherings, and in the organ and the choir as standing institutions of divine worship among most Christian peoples. "The song of the righteous is a prayer unto Me," the Lord has said to the Latter-day Saints, and the spiritual uplift that invariably accompanies such expressions of the heart's sincere devotion, is proof positive of the fulfillment of the divine promise: "And it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads."

Of course there is such a thing as bad music—bad because of the ill use made of it; but I am not considering that branch of the subject. I refer to the pure quality—the real divinity of "the divine art," not to its abuses, its perversion and its prostitution.

Music, like poetry, is one of those accessories that go along with the Gospel and help it to find its way into the hearts of honest seekers after Truth. It has a refining, purifying influence. It ennobles the mind, inspires tender and pure thoughts, exalts the feelings and melts the soul, making it more receptive, more susceptible to the Divine Message, than it would otherwise be.

A striking instance of the power of music is furnished in an anecdote that I have more than once related, but which will well bear repetition.

In the year 1875 the President of the United States, Ulysses S. Grant, the famed queller of the Southern Confederacy, visited Utah—the first Executive of the Nation to set foot within the so-called "Mormon Territory," now a sovereign State, a full-fledged member of the American Union. It was at a time when all over that broad land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the

most intense prejudice prevailed against the Latter-day Saints—a feeling akin to the bitterness and hatred which is periodically worked up against our missionaries by the sensational press here in Great Britain. It was freely asserted that "the man who had conquered the South," would "make short work of Utah and the Mormons."

Among the places visited by President Grant and his party during their brief stay at Salt Lake City, was the Mormon Tabernacle, a structure now famous throughout the civilized world. There he heard the great organ, one of the finest instruments of its class, originally built by a "Mormon" artizan, and improved from time to time, until to-day it represents the *ne plus ultra* in organ-building. The player was also a "Mormon"—Professor Joseph J. Daynes, of Salt Lake City. What President Grant thought on that occasion, I know not—he was a man who said little on any subject; but his wife sat spell-bound, silently weeping as she listened. Turning to Captain William H. Hooper, who had been Utah's delegate in Congress, and was now chaperoning the party, Mrs. Grant said, with deep feeling: "I wish I could do something for these good Mormon people!"

The wonderful tones of the organ had touched her heart, and perhaps the heart of her noble husband; for Grant had noble qualities, which foes as well as friends recognized. As an instance of his innate fairness, when prejudice was dispelled, I will add that on the occasion of that historic visit to Salt Lake City, the President, after alighting from his train, passed up South Temple Street, which was lined on both sides with a host of sabbath school children, neatly and tastefully attired, waving banners and mottoes of welcome in honor of the Nation's chief. Riding in an open carriage and running the gauntlet of applause and cheers, the honored guest, turning to Utah's non-"Mormon" Governor who sat beside him, inquired: "What children are these?" "Mormon children," replied the Governor (George W. Emery). "The silent man" mused for a moment, and was then heard to murmur: "I have been deceived."

But he never was deceived again—not in the same way. He could trust his eyes when he looked upon those beautiful children (there are none finer in all the world than in Utah). They were not the product of crime and depravity, not the offspring of savages and criminals. He could trust his ears, too, when he heard that magnificent organ, with its thrilling and appealing tones. Nobody could make President Grant believe, after his visit to "the Mormon City," that its inhabitants were as black as they had been painted.

Gradually, and especially of late years, the truth about Utah is dawning upon the benighted comprehension of a prejudiced world. The days of isolation are ended, and with them has passed away much of the prevailing ignorance concerning the Latter-day

Saints. Railroads now penetrate to every part of the region occupied by these pioneers and founders of Inter-mountain civilization, and tourists from all parts come in a constant stream to see and hear for themselves the simple, plain truth regarding a grossly maligned portion of the American people.

Few if any of the visitors fail to pay a visit to the great Tabernacle, where free organ recitals are given for their benefit by direction of the Church Authorities. The Gospel is not always preached to them; they do not always want it, and never is it forced upon them. But their hearts are mellowed by the music, and they go away with kinder feelings toward, and with a better understanding of, the people who build such wonderful instruments, organize such splendid choirs, and rear such stately and imposing structures. Their works speak for them. Depraved wretches, such as the "Mormon" people are falsely represented to be, do not love music, do not cultivate the arts and sciences, do not rear tabernacles and temples unto God.

O. F. W.

WHAT WE MEAN BY "THE RESTORATION OF THE GOSPEL."

W. A. M.

"WHAT do you mean by the restoration of the Gospel?" This question was propounded to the writer, by a non-member of the Church, at the close of a recent Sunday evening service. It was prompted by the testimony of a young missionary, to the effect that the Gospel had been restored to the Prophet Joseph Smith. The speaker, however, failed to state what he meant by "the restoration of the Gospel;" hence the stranger's question.

My first impulse was to cite the gentleman to the account of the heavenly vision which the Lord gave to his servant John, while the latter was a prisoner on the Isle of Patmos, a vision in which he saw "an angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people" (Rev. 14: 6), and then tell him about its fulfillment—when the Angel Moroni delivered to Joseph Smith the plates of the Book of Mormon, a book containing the fullness of the Gospel as revealed to the ancient inhabitants of the Western World.

I was about to do this, I say, when I was reminded that the restoration of the Gospel means much more than this; that this is only one link in the great chain. And so I said to my enquirer: "When we speak of the restoration of the Gospel, we mean, first of all, the bringing back of the true knowledge of God, knowledge which had been lost to the world for many hundreds of years,

but which was restored when the Father and the Son revealed themselves to Joseph Smith. While giving the gentleman a brief account of this wonderful manifestation, I saw very clearly the necessity for just such a revelation. The world had been taught for centuries to worship an immaterial Deity, a god "without body, parts or passions." This was man's highest conception of God, when on that memorable morning in the spring of 1820 the Great Eternal Father and his Son Jesus Christ appeared to the boy Joseph, in answer to his earnest, fervent prayer for divine guidance.

God could have answered Joseph's petition in other ways. He could have sent an angel to the youth; could have spoken to him by the voice of his Spirit; could have spoken to him by his own voice, as he did at the baptism of his Son, and to the Apostles Peter, James and John on the Mount of Transfiguration; but by none of these means could Joseph have obtained the knowledge of God and Christ that he received when he saw and held converse with these glorious Personages. This is the knowledge spoken of by the prophets, which they said would cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, when no man need say to his fellows "Know ye the Lord," for all would know him from the least to the greatest. The bringing back of this knowledge was the first step in the restoration of the Gospel.

The second step, I told my interested listener, was the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, which record, translated and published by Joseph Smith, contains the fullness of the Gospel as taught by Christ and his divinely-appointed ministers to the ancient inhabitants of America.

The next step, I said, was the restoration of the Priesthood, that divine authority without which the Gospel could not be preached nor its saving ordinances administered; neither could the Church of Christ have been re-established. The restoring of the Aaronic Priesthood by John the Baptist, and of the Melchizedek Priesthood by Peter, James and John, who appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery for the purpose, are two of the greatest things the Lord has done in this dispensation, for without "the authority of the Priesthood the power of godliness is not manifest to men in the flesh" (D. and C. 84:21).

Another step in the great work of restoration, I told the gentleman, was the conferring upon Joseph and Oliver by Moses of the keys of the "gathering of Israel from the four parts of the earth," a work that has been in progress for more than three-quarters of a century. I reminded him that the Apostle John, who saw in vision an "angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth," heard a voice from heaven, saying: "Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues" (Rev. 18:4). The gathering of scattered Israel, I pointed

out, is in fulfillment of this and other predictions of the ancient prophets, and has as its object the preparing of a people to meet the Lord when he comes in his glory.

The restoring by Elijah the Prophet of the keys of the turning of the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to the fathers, I also mentioned as part of God's great plan of salvation. I told the gentleman about the work which the Latter-day Saints are doing in holy temples in behalf of dear ones who have passed beyond the veil, without which neither they nor their dead could be made perfect. Tears glistened in his eyes as I explained to him this wonderful provision which the Father had made for his children who die in ignorance of his glorious Gospel. It appealed to him strongly, he having lost a devoted companion a short time before.

I next told of the restoration by Elias of the Gospel of Abraham, by which the seed of the ancient patriarch are to receive great and inestimable blessings; also of the new and everlasting covenant, by virtue of which husbands and wives are joined together for time and for all eternity. All these, "I said, are included in "the restoration of the Gospel."

That restoration implies more—much more that the revealing of the Book of Mormon by the Angel Moroni. It points to "the restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of his holy prophets since the world began."

MINUTES OF THE IRISH CONFERENCE.

On Sunday, the 1st inst., the Irish semi-annual conference was held in the Latter-day Saints' hall, North Street, Belfast. Elders William A. Morton and David W. Goddard were in attendance from Liverpool. There were also present: Conference President Benjamin R. Birchall, Sister E. A. Birchall, Elders Robert Warburton, Leonard Brimley, Claude W. Hinckley, Edwin O. Stenquist, and Alexander Criddle (the latter having been transferred from the Manchester conference), and Brother William H. Horlacher, of Dublin.

The morning session commenced at 11 o'clock, the invocation being offered by President Birchall. He welcomed all present and expressed sincere regret at the unavoidable absence of President and Sister Whitney. The Sunday-school then rendered an enjoyable program, consisting of songs, recitations and essays, followed by a spirited address by Elder Claude W. Hinckley. He called attention to the terrible state of the world, the cause of which was the transgression of God's holy laws. The remedy, he said, is sincere repentance on the part of individuals and nations, and obedience to divine precepts. Elder Stenquist said he felt thankful for the call he had received to labor in the Lord's

vineyard. He found much joy in holding up the lamp of Truth to those who are sitting in darkness, and in trying to persuade them to come to its light. Elder Morton was the next speaker. He told of his early days in Belfast, in which city he had first heard the Gospel and received a testimony of its truth. The city held many sacred memories for him. He exhorted the saints to keep the commandments of God, one of which is "Cease to find fault one with another." We are not yet perfect, but are on the way to perfection. Salvation comes through education—"a man is saved no faster than he gets knowledge." We should grow in grace and in a knowledge of the truth. The benediction was pronounced by Brother Thomas J. Ditty.

The afternoon meeting was opened with prayer by Brother Walter Pring. President Birchall presented the general, mission and conference authorities, and they were sustained unanimously. He announced the transfer of Elder Warburton to the Manchester conference, and spoke appreciatingly of the latter's labors in Belfast. Elder Brimley gave a very impressive address on the power of prayer. Prayer, he said, is not only the "S. O. S." call; it is also a sterilizer of hearts and homes. Commented on the statement made by President Brigham Young: "Praying keeps a man from sin, and sin keeps a man from praying." Elder Criddle expressed pleasure at meeting the Irish saints in their semi-annual conference. He believed that his missionary labors in Ireland would bring him the same joy he had experienced in England. Spoke on the resurrection and bore a strong testimony to the truth of "Mormonism." Brother William H. Horlacher delivered an interesting and instructive address on "Liberty." No man, he said, is free that is under the bondage of sin. He alone is free who knows, loves and obeys the truth. The Gospel of Christ has been aptly termed "The perfect law of liberty." Those whom the Gospel makes free are free, indeed. Elder Morton said he had been deeply impressed with the things he had heard, and especially with the address on prayer delivered by Elder Brimley. Prayer, he added, is sweet communion with God. It is a blessed thing to be in tune with the Infinite. Told of different ways in which God answers prayer: (1) by giving us the means we ask for; (2) by giving us better means; and (3) by giving us the end, but not the means to the end. But we should not leave all to God; we should do all we can to help ourselves. Faith and works are like the blades of a pair of scissors—admirably adapted to their end when conjoined. Elder Goddard sang a sacred solo and the benediction was pronounced by Brother William Hamilton.

The evening session commenced at seven o'clock, with the large room filled to its utmost capacity. Additional seating accommodation had to be provided. The opening prayer was offered by Elder Brimley, after which the solo "Teach me to forgive" was sung in a pleasing manner by Elder Goddard. Elder

Warburton was the first speaker. The Lord, he said, had sent his servants into the world to call men to repentance, but the world, generally speaking, had turned a deaf ear to their pleadings. Soon the Master will speak, and that in a voice that will cause the nations to tremble. He has declared that after the testimony of his servants there will come the testimony of plagues, pestilence, famine, earthquakes, wars, etc. Elder Warburton thanked the saints of the Belfast branch for their kindness to him while he had labored among them, and for the support they had given him. He invoked the blessings of the Lord upon them. Elder Goddard delivered a very interesting address on divine authority. Told of the calling of men to the ministry in ancient times and of how the Lord had confirmed the acts of his servants. Referred briefly to the apostacy from the primitive Christian faith and told of the restoration of the Gospel and the Priesthood through the Prophet Joseph Smith. The speaker was listened to with marked attention. Sister Sarah Church sang sweetly "Jesus, I my cross have taken."

President Birchall addressed the congregation. He delivered a very impressive discourse. Referred to the deplorable conditions that exist in the country, to the deadly hatred which men have for each other, even among members of the same family, and the great loss of life and property. If people would but stop and think of their ways, repent of their sins, and turn to the Lord what a reformation would take place. The acceptance of Christ's teachings would uproot envy and hatred and would plant love and kindness in their place. President Birchall spoke encouragingly to the elders and saints, and exhorted them to labor faithfully for the spread of the work in the northern capital. "Joseph Smith and his work" was the subject of a forcible address delivered by Elder Morton. He told in brief the work which the Prophet Joseph had accomplished, and for the establishing of which he had laid down his life. The great latter-day Prophet, the speaker said, cannot be disposed of by calling him "Old Joe Smith," neither can his work be disposed of by labeling it imposture. Each day brings additional glory and honor to the name of the martyred prophet. Tens of thousands revere his memory, and countless millions will yet arise and call him blessed. Elder Warburton closed with prayer one of the best conferences ever held in the Emerald Isle. As the last spring conference was the first held in the Irish Free State, so this conference was the first held under the new Northern Government of Ulster.

A meeting of the traveling elders was held later, at which Elder Leonard Brimley was set apart as president of the Belfast branch, Elder Alexander Criddle as president of the Mutual Improvement Association, and Elder Edwin O. Stenquist as superintendent of the Sunday-school.

BENJAMIN R. BIRCHALL.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Changes in Conference Dates.—The Manchester conference, scheduled to be held December 3rd, has been changed to December 10th. The Liverpool conference, announced to be held December 10th, has been changed to December 3rd.

Priesthood Meeting.—All the traveling elders of the Sheffield conference met in Priesthood meeting in the saints' chapel in Sheffield, on the 16th ult. President J. W. Ernest Tomlinson presided, and after listening to the reports of the respective branches, expressed his satisfaction with the progress that is being made. He advised the missionaries to exercise watchcare over their flock, and to so labor that their efforts would continue to win for them the Master's approval.

Harvest Festival.—Sunday, the 17th ult., the Oldham branch of the Manchester conference held its annual harvest festival. The meeting-room was tastefully decorated with flowers, fruits and vegetables, silent but impressive testimonies of the goodness of God. Appropriate addresses were delivered by Elders F. M. Nish, Kye C. Jorgensen, Glen A. Finlayson, and A. V. Atkinson. A social was given the following evening. It was a delightful affair, and was greatly enjoyed by the saints and their friends.

Arrivals and Appointments.—The following-named missionaries arrived at Liverpool, Saturday, the 7th inst., per s.s. *Montclare*. For the Swiss and German mission: Elders Grant V. Pugmire, St. Charles, Idaho; Truman E. Young, Harold L. Snow, and Karl V. King, Salt Lake City, Utah; Horace T. Peery and Charles H. Gutke, Ogden, Utah; Wayne Stratford, Pocatello, Idaho; Charles D. Dinwoody, Idaho Falls, Idaho. Elder Joseph Tillotson, Ogden, Utah, was appointed to labor in the Birmingham conference of the British mission.

Branch Conferences.—A conference of the Nottingham branch was held Sunday, the 17th ult. President Joseph E. Wright, Elders A. Walter Stevenson, J. Max Toolson, William Hunt, Joseph H. Valentine, Fred D. Maughan, and Sister Katherine G. Wright were in attendance. Superintendent William Adams conducted the Sunday-school session, at which Sister Wright told a story about perseverance and Elder Stevenson, Brothers Robinson and Adams gave short talks. At the afternoon meeting encouraging reports were given by the presidents of the auxiliary associations, followed with Gospel discourses by Elders Hunt, Valentine and Wright. A pleasing solo was rendered by President Joseph Robinson. There was a good attendance at the evening service.

Elder Maughan gave a short address on faith; Sister Nellie Hawson sang a solo; Elder Stevenson spoke on "Salvation," Elder Toolson on "Characteristics of the true Church of Christ," and President Wright on "The Word of Wisdom." At the close of the conference an open-air meeting was held in the market-place, at which Brother Robinson, Elders Toolson and Stevenson spoke.

The semi-annual conference of the Bradford branch, Leeds conference, was held in Westgate New Hall, Bradford, Sunday, the 24th ult. About one hundred and seventy-five persons were in attendance. President Andrew T. Jacobsen, who presided, was accompanied by Elders Ralph S. Gray, William Naylor, and Sister Florence Naylor. At the opening session the Life of Joseph Smith the Prophet was ably treated by members of the Sunday-school, and short addresses were delivered by President Jacobsen and Elder Naylor. A goodly number of strangers were in the congregation at the evening meeting. After the preliminary exercises, Sister Doris Weatherill rendered a rich, soprano solo, and addresses on Gospel doctrine were delivered by President Jacobsen, Elder Grey and Sister Naylor. Many of the visitors were greatly impressed and engaged the elders in earnest conversation at the close of the service.

The York branch of the Hull conference held a well-attended conference on Sunday, the 24th ult. President George Osmond Hyde presided, and Branch President Francis A. Madsen conducted the service. There were also in attendance Elders Alpheus Harvey and Melvin T. King. This branch was organized a few months ago, and through the faithful labors of the elders, assisted by local workers, is fast becoming one of the best in the conference. The large congregation, in which there were many investigators, listened attentively to convincing discourses on the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon, delivered by Elders Hyde and King. This is the first meeting of the kind held in York for a number of years. The prospects for the future are bright.

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